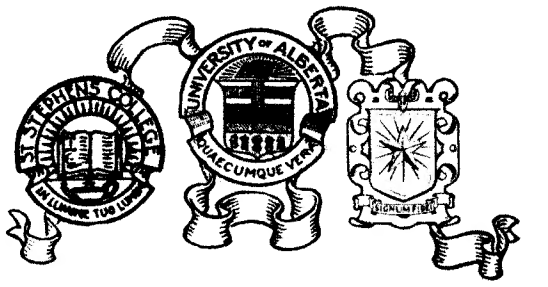


The Gateway



VOL. XX, No. 16.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1930

SIX PAGES

Saskatchewan Here Saturday

Saturday afternoon will see the second game of the Western Intercollegiate series, when the University of Saskatchewan plays us here.

The game will commence at three o'clock at the University Covered Rink. It promises to be well worth the admission price of fifty cents, and besides the game there will be the added attractions of the C.O.T.C. band and other diversions between periods.

Saskatchewan brings with them:

Goal: Frank Evans, who has played with the Moose Jaw Juniors and last year's Saskatchewan team.

Defence: Charlie Logan, captain of the team, who was with the team last year.

Defence: Ron Silver, a newcomer, who has played with the Outlook Outlaws.

Both of these men are big and fast and potential scorers always.

Forwards—Arlo Arneson, who has played with Moose Jaw and with last year's Saskatchewan team, a tricky skater and leading scorer.

Dick Dickensen, a freshman, who has played with the Wesleys.

Harry Dempster, who played with last year's team.

Ernie McNab, a former Saskatchewan Allen Cup star.

Red Anderson, of last year's team.

Charlie Mason, a freshman, from St. John's College, and is fitting in well with the team.

With the team will be: Manager Prof. MacEwan; Reg. Brehaut, coach; and J. P. Clare, Sports Editor of The Sheaf.

Alberta, under the handicap of one defeat, will be played to win, and the whole-hearted support of the students will make them fight even harder.

The University of Alberta team leaves early in the week for the games at Saskatoon and Winnipeg.

STUDENTS' UNION TRIAL BALANCE

AS AT JAN. 31, 1930

	Dr.	Cr.
U. of A. Trust Account.....	\$5,130.44	
Bank of Montreal.....		\$ 32.30
Accounts Receivable.....	686.57	
Equipment.....	900.00	
Equipment Reserve.....		79.50
Bleachers.....	128.00	
Furniture and Fixtures.....	235.00	
Investments.....	305.00	
H. H. Hutton.....		170.00
Accounts Payable.....		359.31
MacKenzie, D. B.....	165.00	
Dramatic Society.....		236.90
Debating Society.....		35.87
Orchestra.....		
Glee Club.....	12.98	
Wauneta Society.....		374.73
Women's Hockey.....	16.93	
Women's Track.....	142.45	
Women's Basketball.....		47.50
Women's Athletic Gen.....	5.50	
Men's Track.....	207.15	
Men's Hockey Senior.....		23.37
Men's Hockey Intermed.....	30.00	
Men's Basketball.....	199.00	
Rugby Club.....	191.52	
Boxing and Wrestling.....	47.05	
Soccer Club.....	58.21	
Tennis Club.....		5.55
Swimming Club.....		32.75
Men's Athletic General.....	8.55	
Gateway.....	2,140.00	
Rally Committee.....	37.07	
Social Directorate.....	97.08	
S.U. Administrative.....	910.92	
S.U. General Income.....		8,690.50
Purchase Discount.....		5.61
Disciplinary Committee.....		19.00
General Reserve.....		305.00
Interest.....		73.09
Surplus.....		1,219.28
	\$11,710.26	\$11,710.26

EVERGREEN AND GOLD Trial Balance as at Jan. 31, 1930

	Dr.	Cr.
Trust.....	\$2,204.35	
Income.....		\$2,874.00
Advertising.....	20.00	
Pictures and Layouts.....	18.75	
Stationery and Supplies.....	19.30	
Sundry Expenses.....	11.60	
	\$2,874.00	\$2,874.00

G. F. BARCLAY,
Treasurer.

"LUCKY JADE" IS A GREAT SUCCESS

Operetta Cast Displays Talent and Results of Expert Stage Direction

"The Lucky Jade," the operetta presented last Thursday and Friday evenings in Convocation Hall, was an unquestionably finer production than that of last year. The University Orchestra and Glee Club, in producing such an ambitious work, are certainly deserving of commendation for their success.

The singing, dancing and dialogue were noticeably better than in "The Crimson Star," while the lighting demonstrated just what "big show" effects may be produced even on the small university stage. The scenery and costumes were excellent and, as is usually the case, aided not a little in the success of the performance. Orchestral effects and accompaniments were well executed under the able direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael. Assisted by Mr. T. H. Dalkin, well known in Edmonton amateur theatricals, Mrs. Carmichael was responsible for the stage direction of the production, while Brother Francis of St. Joseph's College trained the members of the Glee Club for the singing parts. Miss Evelyn Parks, who instructed last year's chorus in dancing, was again responsible for this part of the operetta.

The scenery was constructed by Messrs. Holroyd and Landymore, well known scenic artists whose efforts have been largely responsible for the success of the Dramatic Society plays. Mrs. Dalzell, of the Edmonton Masquerade Company, provided the costumes, and Mr. Harry V.

Why the Adding Machine?

The Gryphon, you remember, in his deep-sea school days, studied Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. It's a far cry from these simple arithmetical processes to the complicated mechanism of the "Adding Machine," but the Dramat, in attempting the play of that name, have a problem involving all four. Ambition—or we had not so chosen; distraction—from sober scholastic pathways; uglification—for machine-crushed characters are not beautiful; derision from people who don't like modern plays and prefer "sweet simple little love stories"—as do the very pitiable people in the story.

"The Adding Machine," by Elmer Rice, will be presented in Convocation Hall on Friday, March 7th, and will be repeated the following evening at the Normal School under the auspices of the Little Theatre. In joining forces with the Little Theatre in this way we are becoming the left wing of an enthusiast dramatic movement throughout the west. If we agree with Dr. Wallace that one function of such a movement should be the presentation of pieces which would never reach us on the professional stage—then this is a Little Theatre play par excellence. You'll appreciate when you see it why no theatre manager would take a chance on "The Adding Machine."

To begin with, it is an expressionist play. The characters utter their thoughts aloud. When Daisy and Mr. Zero sit at work in a dreary office, their eyes and fingers are busy with interminable columns of figures. But here's what they're thinking, behind the jangle of frazzled nerves:

Daisy: That time at the store picnic—you were nice to me then. We were together all day, just sitting around under the trees.

Zero: "You're a valuable man, Zero," the Boss will say. "You're done addin' figgers. Monday morning you move up here in the front office."

"Thus expressionistically," says a dramatic critic, "Mr. Rice has exposed the minds and souls of his people. Pitilessly and pityingly with a curious conglomeration of tenderness and scorn, he has studied the rich barrenness and ridiculous unbecoming of those 'white-collar' slaves. How many machine forced minds are there who as the grind goes on and on are wishing for themselves these escapes in half articulate dreams."

Because we consider "The Adding Machine" an arresting dramatic novelty in theme, manner, and staging; because we believe the effect on men and women of the mechanization of society to be a real challenge to every thinking person—that is why the Dramatic Society have chosen the "Adding Machine" as their spring play.

IN MEMORIAM

In behalf of the students and faculty The Gateway extends its sincere sympathy to Professor J. Casals in his bereavement over the recent passing away of his mother.

Coles applied the make-up. Ted Baker and Ralph Lee were the electricians, while Art Lambert acted as stage manager.

President of Toronto Union Arouses Ire Varsity Editor

Member of Executive Tampered with Headline in Student Newspaper—Lou Golden, Editor, Takes Exception to Action of A. H. Ferry, Threatening Resignation—Paper Called Out of Circulation

For the first time in history, "The Varsity," the official students' paper of the University of Toronto, was called out of circulation on January 30, while the president of the Joint Executive of the Students' Administrative Council stopped the press and changed a headline entirely on his own initiative. The paper later appeared with a different headline, without the sanction of its editor.

The head in question had to do with an account of a report made by a committee of investigation appointed to probe student government at the University as a result of charges levelled in "The Varsity" last year that the students were not conducting their own affairs, but were being ruled by the Board of Governors through non-permanent members of the teaching staff of the University. Last year "The Varsity" claimed that W. J. Dunlop, a non-teaching member of the staff, had worked towards the control of "The Varsity," and had influenced student government unduly.

The original head, "Urge W. J. Dunlop's Removal from Joint Council" was altered to read, "Caput Committee on Student Government Reports." This arose from a section of the above report which read: "The committee is also of the opinion that it is highly desirable that the two members of the staff appointed to the Joint Executive by the President of the University should be persons who are in close touch with the student body. . . . It is recommended therefore that these appointees be selected from the active teaching staff." The persons to which this section refers is W. J. Dunlop, who stated that the first headline was the obvious interpretation of the report.

A. H. Ferry, president of the Joint Executive, saw the headline in an early edition, and stopped the press while he rewrote it. Before doing this he saw the editor of "The Varsity," Lou Golden, on the campus, and was told by him that he, as editor of the paper, took "full responsibility for everything in the paper." Nevertheless Ferry proceeded to the press and changed the head.

Ferry later stated that he had been requested by the Joint Executive of the Students' Administrative Council to have no mention of names in "The Varsity" in connection with the report of the investigation committee. When the name of Dunlop appeared, he felt that he was perfectly justified in changing the head.

At a later meeting of the men's and women's administrative bodies, a motion was passed disapproving the action of Ferry as unconstitutional. The Advisory Board of Student Publications was unanimous in stating that the editor of "The Varsity" should be free to bring out an issue of "The Varsity" in any manner he wished, and could only be subjected to discipline after anything objectionable appeared.

When last interviewed, Ferry made the statement: "I have under

consideration the matter of my resignation, although it is a subject on which I would not care to give a statement." Ferry did not know if the resolutions of the Administrative Council and the Advisory body implied a vote of non-confidence in the chairman of the Joint Executive.

IN PROTEST—AN EDITORIAL

While the action taken by the Council to remedy the serious situation in regard to senior hockey meets on the whole with our enthusiastic approval, of the money raising scheme to which principally it has committed itself there is one phase which we utterly and unequivocally condemn. In the first place we make the point that the Council can not be held responsible for the financial crisis which has arrived: at the time the budget was passed prospects of having an exceptionally good, and therefore paying, hockey team appeared so assured that the falling away of gate receipts and the attendant diminution of revenue which has actually occurred could at that early date in no wise be foreseen. It has been the Council's ill-luck to be faced with the difficulties arising from an unexpectedly poor hockey season; it has been its ill judgment not to see the impending crisis earlier, and not to withdraw from the intercollegiate series at a time when we could honorably do so. It being too late to withdraw it was up to the Council as soon as it became aware of the straits into which its finances had been drawn, to endeavor to restore the balance. In attempting to effect this end by means of senior hockey, on account of which the deficit was threatened, it acted wisely. In making for that purpose the most of the coming game with Saskatchewan, it again acted wisely. In sponsoring for this purpose an extensive ticket-selling campaign it acted, again, wisely. But in resorting, for the purpose of making this campaign a success, to a form of coercion, it acted in a manner unwise, unfair, and unseemly.

The Council, and the committee to which it has entrusted the operation of its scheme, we accuse of attempted coercion. We maintain that it is endeavouring to increase its revenue by persuading every student through the moral force of shame to buy a ticket. We condemn its action as playing upon the crudest principles of crowd psychology, through the distinctive insignia of a green ribbon stamped with the phrase "Varsity Booster." Let it evade the issue as it will, the Council is taking the correct steps to make, for the time being, every one of us who is unable or unwilling to pay the price of a ticket a social outcast.

The issue is evaded by several plausible arguments. It is urged by some members of the committee that all those who have bought tickets are given these ribbons to wear in order that the ticket-sellers may understand that it is useless to approach them. May we point out that the same result could more effectively be obtained by giving everyone who had been approached such a ribbon, whether he had chosen to buy or not? Again, it is argued that the appearance of these green ribbons wherever Varsity students are seen will, by arousing curiosity, contribute materially to the publicity which the game will receive. May we remark that this result also could be as completely attained by requesting every student to wear such a ribbon, whether he chose to buy a ticket or not? If the purpose of these tags is not publicly to hold up for admiration their wearers and publicly to expose for condemnation those who do not have them, what is meant to be attained by them? Why otherwise does the wearing of them stamp an individual with the ridiculous, unfair, and cheapening appellation, "Varsity Booster"? If we are ever presented with any consistent demonstration of the existence of some motive other than that of coercion by shame behind the Council's action, we shall at once retract all that we have said in condemnation of that action.

In the meantime its procedure for increasing ticket sales appears to us unwise, disgraceful, and directly contrary to the ultimate well-being of our student organization. It were far better openly to accept a deficit than to employ an unjust exploitation of its public.

EDITOR—THE GATEWAY.

N.F.C.U.S. Debaters Are Defeated By U. of A. Men

"Resolved that Democracy, as a form of government, has proven itself wasteful, incompetent, and ineffective" is Statement Refuted by Negative—Interesting and Clever Debating

Another debating victory was added to the laurels of the University of Alberta on Monday evening when the local team won both the decision of the judges and the popular vote of the house in the N.F.C.U.S. debate with the Central Canada Debating team on the subject: "Resolved that Democracy as a form of government has proven itself wasteful, incompetent and ineffective." The motion was proposed by Mr. John G. Rennie of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, and ably supported by Dr. Henri Faubert of the University of Montreal. The strong case they presented was successfully opposed and effectively broken down by the splendidly logical and forceful speeches of our own men, Herb Surplis and Max Wershof.

The chairman, Dr. W. G. Hardy, warmly welcomed the visiting men, and spoke of the beneficial influence of such debates between universities of the east and universities of the west.

Mr. Rennie, after expressing his thanks for the warm welcome he and his colleague had received in Edmonton, and his pleasure in being able to meet the Alberta team in this debate, introduced and defined the subject.

Disadvantages of Democracy

He defined democracy in the words of Viscount Bryce as: "That form of government in which the ruling power of the state is legally vested in the members of the community as a whole. But Bryce has forgotten, he said, that the majority

in a commonwealth does not represent the body of people as a whole. In no practical modern democracy do we find union of opinion. The political party in the majority rules, but never the voice of the whole people. Mr. Rennie then proceeded to outline the faults that are common to democracies as a class, faults which produce wastefulness, incompetence and ineffectiveness. Bribery has been common to every democracy during the last two hundred years. It is obvious in every political campaign in Canada, and to a greater extent in the United States.

Faulty civil service exists in all democracies, maintained the speaker. We in Quebec who are near the border see continually the effects of the incompetence of the civil service of both our own country and our southern neighbor.

There is no protection for the permanent minority which exists in the average democracy.

The democratic government of the nation to the south of us has failed to deal adequately with the unemployment problem, and has shown its inability to enforce its own laws, by requiring the co-operation of Canada in enforcing the prohibition law.

Evils of Monarchy

Herb Surplis, speaking against the motion, expressed first his appreciation of the pleasure and honor afforded by meeting these representative of such outstanding Canadian universities. Then he gave a his-

N.F.C.U.S. NOTES

Endowment Campaign for N.F.C.U.S. Postponed

The stock market crash has not been without its effect on the National Federation, as reflected in the decision of the Executive after receiving the advice of prominent business men who are interested in the work the organization is doing, that it would not be advisable at the present time to commence the drive for the sum of \$50,000.00, the amount set for the permanent Endowment Fund. Just as soon as business conditions warrant it, the drive will be pushed.

CHEM. SOCIETY HEAR DR. R. C. WALLACE

Wastage of Natural Gas in Turner Valley is Discussed—Interesting Address

Speaking at some length on Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Wallace discussed in a thoroughly entertaining and enlightening manner the Wastage of Natural Gas in the Turner Field.

The most essential change to be made in the handling of this field is the conservation of this natural resource by restriction of output; inasmuch as this is extremely difficult under existing circumstances, the logical solution is the utilization of the excess gas as far as possible. This can be done most profitably by chemical means:

(a) Preparation of Carbon Black for the rubber industry. If arrangements could be made which would encourage the establishment of plants for that purpose they would, in about five years time, be able to tuck out 5,000,000 pounds of the filler per annum with a daily consumption of about 30,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. This is feasible on account of the small capital required for such a plant.

(b) The manufacture of benzol to be used as a fuel and anti-knock for automobiles would consume some further 60,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day—unfortunately the larger capital requirements operates against the successful encouragement of this industry.

(c) By various means the gas can be used more or less directly for the hydrogenation of bitumen; indirectly, it is applicable to Bergius Process for the liquefaction of coal (see Scientific American, April, 1929); or the manufacture of ammonium fertilizers.

Also, by chlorination, many everyday chemicals might be cheapened—ethylene glycol for example, a compound intermediate between the common alcohol and the well-known movie tear-fluid, glycerin. Further uses for this are found in the manufacture of dynamites, cellulose lacquers, paint solvents and diluents, and automobile anti-freeze solutions.

The application of the gas itself and the valuable, propane, butane and pentane derivative to industry would also have beneficial effects.

Alberta has the right to exploit her natural resources, but the unbelievable wastage at Turner Valley is a crime against posterity, claimed Dr. Wallace.

At the close of the lecture Dr. Walker commented further on possible industrial applications. Dr. Wallace was kept busy for some time answering the many questions of his large and attentive audience.

petent to govern itself that it does not even realize its incompetence, and it has failed to secure the public service of a sufficiently large number of capable and honest men. It has failed to secure contentment within the nation, or harmony in international relationships; it has failed to regulate satisfactorily class differences, or to overcome rare prejudice. It has permitted religious interest to interfere in politics, and has failed to extinguish political corruption.

On the basis of the history of the past, Viscount Bryce predicts the failure of democratic government in the future.

Bryce Quoted Again

Mr. Wershof reciprocated the welcome which his colleague had extended to the visitors, but regretted that after having travelled across almost all of our great democratic nation they should still consider democratic government a failure. He felt it his sacred and bounden duty to show them that democracy had not failed. In keeping with the custom of the evening, he too quoted from Bryce, who, he claimed, very ably summed up the case for the negative.

Mr. Wershof maintained that the task of his opponents was to prove that democracy had failed to accomplish the common aim of governments, or had failed in its own specific ends. We are showing, he said, that democracy has been effective in securing stability and security, which is the common aim of governments, and also in securing its own particular aim. Democratic government has definitely accomplished its own specific aim, that is, that government shall be based upon the will of the people. The mere fact of elections proves this achievement.

We must have a standard. The affirmative must show that somewhere in history another form of government has been more effective or another alternative form can be. Affirmative must establish this or they fail. To show defects in democracy does not prove the question for all forms of governments have defects. The affirmative have failed in the dictatorship established in Jugoslavia, for the prime minister said it was being established to pave the way for democracy. Dictatorship is good temporarily, but cannot last.

While democracy is slightly wasteful, it is not more so than other forms of government.

Mr. Rennie closed the debate with a short, emphatic and powerful rebuttal.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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THE "VARSITY" EXCITEMENT

The news of the trouble at Toronto between the editor of the college paper and student executive head is of peculiar interest to us in the light of certain discussions appearing in The Gateway recently. The first point of connection concerns the right of freedom of speech, which, in our defence of the publication of the letter that eventually led to the resignation of the House Committee and the expulsion of a student from residence, we upheld as a necessary principle of a college paper. It is upon the same principle that Lou Golden, editor of the Toronto "Varsity", is objecting to the action of Allan H. Ferry, president of the Council, in changing a headline which he had ordered to have run. He maintains that the freedom of the press has been interfered with. We agree with him, and do not consider the cause of the interference sufficiently provocative to justify it. We can, however, imagine cases in which such action as that which Mr. Ferry took would be quite justified. Where the interests of the university might be seriously damaged by something appearing in the student paper the head of the student executive would be quite justified in enforcing a change. The occurrence of such a case, however, it is almost impossible to imagine—even editors, as a rule, have a certain amount of common sense.

The second point of comparison is in regard to the danger involved in stripping a phrase or statement of its context and then judging it thus isolated. A very fine illustration of this common practice was afforded by the first four letters of our correspondence of last week. It was through failure to see the danger of so isolating a passage and using it as a headline that the "Varsity" editor started the controversy in Toronto. The passage, as a matter of fact, did not occur in the report for which it was to be used as a head; but it expressed a conclusion that would necessarily have occurred to every Toronto student in the reading of the report. It was, in other words, a logical inference from the news matter. But this fact certainly did not justify its use; so badly isolated from its context it might easily and, indeed, would naturally, have been misunderstood. To us it seems that the editor of the paper committed a grave mistake in framing so ambiguous a headline. Perhaps the Toronto students had not given him such fine examples of the danger of isolating an equivocal statement as we have been afforded here.

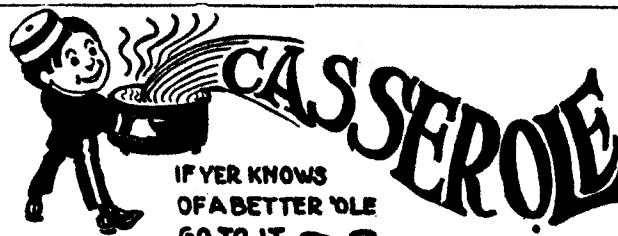
HONORARIA AGAIN

"The Council has abolished all salaries in 'The Manitoban.'" This step was taken on the grounds that an unpaid staff would work better under an unpaid editor than under a salaried official." Such was the announcement given on the editorial page of The Manitoban, the students' paper of the University of Manitoba, last Friday. It appeared exactly one day after the issue of The Gateway here in which it was made public that our Council has decided henceforth to have the editor of The Gateway given annually an honorarium of one hundred dollars. Such a coincidence we consider justifies us in again protesting against a decision the effects of which can only be such as will be sincerely regretted by all who have the interests of The Gateway and the student body at heart.

"An unpaid staff would work better under an unpaid editor than under a salaried official"—with this verdict of experience we wholly agree. If there is any one thing that more than another eases the burden laid upon the shoulders of the editor of The Gateway it is the close co-operation of his staff and their assistants. The members of the staff, alone of all the students, are in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the task he has been assigned; and they appreciate it because they share it with him. Can they be expected to show this same indispensable co-operation if he does not share with them the rewards of their common labors? Is he a being set apart? It is more than probable that by the force of his character and the eminence of his ability the average editor may be able still, despite the disparity of their respective recompenses, to command the respect of his assistants—but respect does not ensure co-operation. A payment or monetary gift to the editor of The Gateway is bound to disintegrate that close personal unity among the members of the staff without which the paper in its present nature could not exist.

And payment of the whole staff and all the assistants, on whatever basis it might be founded, is out of the question. Even if it were financially possible, it could not be carried out without a complete change in the character of The Gateway—an effect which seems to some of us, at least, decidedly unnecessary, if not actually deplorable.

Of course, it may be pointed out that the decision is not to give the editor a salary, but an honorarium. Of course,—that is evident—the Council certainly had no intention of insulting the editor by offering him a wage of one hundred dollars. It is understood by the Council that the gift is only to show in some small way its appreciation of the services rendered by the editor; it is by no means to be looked upon as adequate compensation. That is all very well—the Council understands and acknowledges the insufficiency of the sum—but what of the multitude? What of the sixty or seventy assistants, with most of whom the editor seldom comes in contact, but whose efforts supply the great bulk of the twenty thousand words of type and two hundred and fifty inches of advertising which it is his function to see provided and



And there is the one about the little dandruff trying to get ahead.

Pretty Baltimore girl offers to marry the first man who will give her \$5,000. Judging by the time she made the offer, she's not very anxious to get married.

No one knows the meaning of responsibility until he has carried a silk hat at a church wedding.

A few months ago a man was taken into the hospital for an operation on his skull. His brain was removed, and through some accident it was not replaced. He escaped, and it is rumored that he is now writing features in our university paper.

"Do you go in for aviation?" asked the professor of English as he met an alumnus.

The alumnus took full advantage of the situation. "No, professor, not for aviation. One goes in for sea bathing, but for aviation, I think one goes up, doesn't he?"

Sandy had returned to his native village in Scotland after a visit to London. On being asked what he thought of the great city he said: "It is grand, but the folks are no honest."

"How is that?" asked his friend. "Well, I bought a box o' pins labeled a thousand for two cents, and coming home on the train, I counted them an' found them seventeen short."

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond lover.

"No," said the girl candidly, "you're not, but you are too good for any other girl."

"How is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred.

That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said: "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by 'college bred'?"

"Oh, that," said Papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."

"I won't pay one cent for my advertising this week," declared the storekeeper angrily to the advertising manager of The Gateway. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe polish in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" inquired the advertising manager.

"No, sir," roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not. You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, that's where you put it."

It's not so tough for the inexperienced speaker to have to go before an audience as it is to have an audience go before him.

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt;
'Cause every time that John came in
That little lamp went out.

"Spell your name," said the clerk of the court sharply.

The witness began: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double—"

"Wait," order the clerk; "begin again."

The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your honor," roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court."

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"My name, your honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."

A man can be heard playing golf a long way off.

selected every week? Many of them are almost never seen in The Gateway office, and have only the vaguest idea of the amount of labor involved in preparing the paper. They might well be expected to consider him fully paid, and, consequently, less unreservedly offer their assistance.

Moreover, under the existing system the editor receives a more than adequate compensation for the time and energy he expends. That it is not material in no wise means that it is not real and tangible. The efforts of the editor of The Gateway obtain their reward in a hundred different forms, each of which must be sensibly diminished by any payment or gift he may be allotted.

The Council has made a very drastic and inconsiderate mistake in determining that hereafter the editor of The Gateway be given yearly an honorarium of one hundred dollars.

THE OPERETTA

Despite our recent attempts to talk about talkies The Gateway's organization does not include a staff of music critics. We do not, therefore, consider our own judgment of the operetta in itself to be worth the proverbial two units of a straw-stack. But we believe that our very favorable regard is a reflection of the consensus of opinion held by those who saw, heard, and passed judgment upon "The Lucky Jade"; in so far as it is, it is worth something. We are convinced that in wholeheartedly commending the performance of last Thursday and Friday evenings, we are in perfect agreement with the majority of those who were fortunate enough to witness the spectacle. We congratulate the Glee Club and Orchestra on the talent they have discovered and employed. We believe that both in choice and presentation their effort of this session is far superior to that of last year. We wish them an equal improvement in the performances which the success of this year's will surely make regular annual events.



THE SUNDIAL

February 10.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I make so bold as to ask why the Senior Class gift was purchased and installed under such conditions of secrecy, and without consulting the class as a whole?

A SENIOR.

"... IS NOT A DEAD COURSE"

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Every day the gentle art of tubing experiences newer and more subtle improvements. I am in my graduating year, and during the past three sessions I have watched the masters of this art with great interest. I may be a poor student, I may have committed many follies and crimes during my time at this institution; but never can it be said of me that I have tubed. Now I am weakening.

May I ask you, sir, to do me a favor? At your earliest convenience will you write an editorial in which you will malign the lecturers and courses that I am enjoying this year? Enclosed you will find a list of these lecturers and courses. If you will do this for me as soon as possible, I shall be able to give you some excellent letters in defense of my professors.

Yours truly,

E. M. JONES.

QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Regarding your editorial on signs in last week's issue I would offer a word of comment, I being one of the miserable victims—I mean sinners. Like the father of his country, I cannot tell a lie. I did it, but not with my little hatchet—however much the evidences are to the contrary. I have to admit it—albeit with blushes—that I am responsible for "the very alliterative one" which "was not strictly revolting and indeed might to a certain type of mind appear quite humorous," although "it nevertheless represented the maximum of cheap and undignified publicity."

Indeed, Mr. Editor, I sympathize with your outraged feelings, and since this is an era of written apology permit me to say that I am sorry to have so ravished your sweet and gentle aestheticism.

But, after all, are you not a teeny weeny bit too harsh with us struggling artists (?)? Permit also a word of explanation. The representative of the girls' hockey team asked me to make their sign. They wanted some sort of cartoon thereon, and in addition they wanted it to be funny. Furthermore, they said they did not mind if the situations produced were even ridiculous. And so I sketched some figures which, with my misguided sense of humour, I thought were funny and sufficiently ridiculous so that not by the wildest stretch of imagination could they be considered as casting reflections on any one. They were intended to—and I thought did—symbolize a class of genus which although signifying a professor were not derogatory or belittling to our faculty at all. And, strange to say, my dear man, you are the only one to perceive the evil in or take offense at the result. There has been not a word of complaint from our professors at all. Evidently they have a sense of humour something like mine. Anyway, they can take a joke. Why cannot you, and forget for a while your supersensitiveness? Surely I can consider myself wholly vindicated. I was told to turn out these cards for the hockey team. I did so. They were accepted and I was paid. It was purely a business transaction. My disrespectful act was ratified, and so let not the blame rest upon my head.

In closing, let me explain the personal attitude I take. Although your editorial mentioned no names, I felt that this letter was necessary, since I am well enough known around the campus for everyone who read your article to immediately connect me with it.

Although I am not sufficiently proficient in Latinisms to desire to introduce them into my letter, there are a few darned good Americanisms I would not mind making use of only space prohibits—and my dignity (?) forbids.

Yours,

JACK CORMACK.

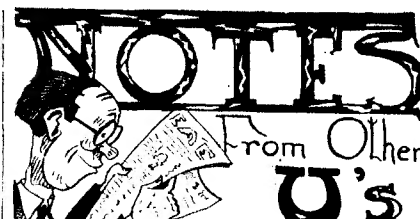
We thank you, Mr. Cormack, for supporting with a specific and personal illustration the general and impersonal line of argument which led us, in our editorial of last week, to the conclusion that it would protect the dignity of our university "to make it necessary for all such signs" as those under consideration "to be approved by some responsible body before being displayed." We are sorry that it is necessary to qualify our expression of gratitude by pointing out that you mistakenly read into our words the accusation that your sign for the hockey game was guilty of "casting reflections" on our professors: strange to say, my dear man, you are the only one to perceive the possibility: we should say that if there are any reflections cast by such signs they are upon the maker of the sign, its users, and the authorities which permit its use. Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur. —(Editor.)

GREEN RIBBON BOYCOTT

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I be permitted to express a protest through the columns of your paper against such an imposture as that applied to the students of the University, in order to make up a theatrical deficit in Student Union funds. I refer to the

(Continued on page 3)



Distinguished Scientist at McGill

(McGill Daily)

The distinguished Director of the Observatory of Oslo, Norway, is visiting Montreal today and tomorrow and will give two addresses to which all interested in modern astrophysical problems are cordially invited.

The first lecture which is under the auspices of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, Montreal Centre will be given at 8:30 tonight in the Macdonald Physics Laboratory. The subject is Variable Stars.

The second address will be given in the same building on Tuesday at 5 p.m., when the speaker will deal less popularly with recent work on the interpretation of stellar spectra. Dr. Rosseland is one of the group of young Continental physicists with great mathematical ability who have worked under the influence of Professor Bohr at Copenhagen and have achieved far-reaching results by the application of the new statistical mechanics and quantum mechanics to spectroscopic and other problems.

S.C.M. Meet at Jasper

(The Sheaf)

The Saskatchewan S.C.M. executive were interviewed by Mr. Harry Avison, the Western secretary, the past week. Mr. Avison was on his way to spend some time in Alberta and B.C., to discuss with the various executives the theme for the Jasper Conference.

The Jasper Conference, which is not new to many of the Sask. students, will be held this year near the

end of June. The S.C.M. purposes having some of the most outstanding men which can be had to lead discussion groups and exchange with the students ideas on the topics which the students feel to be of greatest interest to them.

Saskatchewan hopes to be well represented at Jasper this year.

Mr. Avison also planned with the executive the observation of the anniversary of the World's Student Christian Federation for February 16. That Sunday is being observed by students everywhere and special student services will be held in connection with the S.C.M. here.

Many of the students have asked about the study groups which they may join this term. A list of the groups, with the subject, leader and time will be posted in Chem. Building this week. Anyone wishing further information on the groups should ask Jean Wilson or Chris Forstad.

Erwin H. Griswold, 25, a graduate of Harvard Law School with degrees of doctor of science of law and bachelor of law, has been appointed as assistant to Charles E. Hughes, Jr., solicitor general of the United States. Griswold's duties at Washington will consist of preparing and trying lawsuits in the Supreme Court of the United States.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

use of green ribbons as a means of selling tickets for Saturday's hockey game. All will agree that an intensive advertising and ticket selling campaign is both original and admirable; but when it is taken to the point of branding as a poor sport every student who can't afford either the time or the money for the game, it becomes nothing short of a cheap imposition.

In place of the Students' Council demanding of every student an added 50c contribution to the union coffers, on pain of being advertised as a slacker, we might rather ask the Council for an explanation of the administration of union funds that threatens a deficit of \$800. We all know that support accorded the hockey team has been weak, but judging from the two previous years, that was only to be expected; and if the Council made a mistake last fall in over-estimating its income by some \$800, it is certainly not justified in resorting to such an odious scheme of blackmail to rehabilitate union finances.

By all means, let us support our hockey team as best we can, both in the City League and especially in the Inter-Varsity competition; but above all, let us be sportsmanlike, not only in supporting our team, but in our means of persuading others to do so.

Yours truly,
M. E. MANNING.

PROOF ERROR

For "theatrical" above, read "threatened."

The Other Side

By Jeff

We have read various effusions, on the part of KaCy and others, on the predicament of co-eds in Athabasca. Have we not? But what about us? What about the other side of the question? Should we, too, not have something to say about the matter? Three times a day, every day, except Sunday, we are invaded by a horde of Pembinites. Not that we greatly object to them—they make rather nice ornaments in any room.

Yea, verily! we no sooner get our fork to our mouth than a battery of feminine eyes is aimed at us, causing us to blush vividly, drop our fork, and fumble nervously around for a serviette. Then the owners of the eyes smile caustically, as if to say, "I told you so; there isn't a boy here who can eat respectably,"—and continue to discuss our various characteristics.

But at last we are through. We rush to the lounge for a moment's respite, light our cigarette and begin to puff vigorously. This stratagem has the effect of producing a smoke-screen, which, to our great relief, hides the lineaments of our face, and obscures from the sight of the sharpest eyes the vagaries of our tie.

Then the crucial moment arrives. The fair, forty or so, maidens come warily into our midst, pass us, cast a scornful glance at our feet and disappear, leaving the lounge once more to blissful, masculine serenity.

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A FAIRLY HONEST OPINION

By E. M. J.

The author of this little article has been asked to write a critique of The Gateway for another student publication whose general tone requires that such a critique be a sweet and gentle affair with nothing but kind remarks about everything and everyone. The prospect of such a critique nauseates the writer, so he has taken an antidote by dashing off this other critique, which, though it may be slightly bitter, is at least a little more honest.

Yet, this is not exactly a critique: It is only a list of definitions: students use many words to describe material that appears in The Gateway, and they don't try to realize the subtle distinctions in meaning that these words convey. The following is an attempt to show the fine differences that exist between these various words:

Blurb. A sloppy commodity of the consistency of very muddy water or very watery mud. Its effect can best be understood by imagining the splash a bucketful of it would make on a hard pavement when dropped from a great height. In its written form, Blurb is a conglomeration of polysyllabic adjectives heaped on the back of a puny idea, as mountains of fodder are strapped onto tiny Mexican burros. The most striking examples of Blurb in The Gateway are the Sow's Ear, other articles by Areoperimeter, and some by E.M.J.

Hogwash. This closely resembles Blurb. But, whereas Blurb is usually clear mud, Hogwash is always dirty. There have been no whole specimens of Hogwash in this year's Gateway, although little spots of it have appeared occasionally in Captain Z's work and in the Casserole. We must go back to the Gateways of the last two years to find the unadulterated article—not insinuating that they were all Hogwash,—much to the contrary, in fact. But a writer called "Acerbus" gave us some good samples.

Eyewash. Often confused with Hogwash, but bearing no resemblance to it. The chief peculiarity of Eyewash is that those who write it mean it to be very deep, very concentrated and very potent stuff, whereas it always turns out to be the opposite of all these. They conceive a massive idea, write it out in full, then boil their writing down until the idea is concentrated into a few lines or a few words. They follow the methods of chemists in making strong acids, and think they attain the same results. But their final product is very similar to a weak solution of boric acid, which, when used in an eye-cup, will not affect even the most sensitive eye. The leading examples of Eyewash are the works of O.R.W. and his disciples, B.H., Simba, and others.

Guff. Found mostly in letters to the editor, written by indignant ladies, in which many references are made to "slanders which reflect unfavorably upon the good name of the institution as a whole." Guff always reminds us of apoplectic colonels, spiteful little summer wind-storms, bad grammar, and those little, brown, wrinkled puff-balls you used to pick up on the prairies when you were a kid and puffed them into another kid's face. Outside of the correspondence columns, Guff is usually found in articles by E.P.Y.

Hooey. Closely resembles Eyewash and Guff. It is much drier than Eyewash, and not as spirited as Guff. It is quite innocuous. Whereas Eyewash tries to express a vast idea in a few words, Hooey tries to spread a small idea over a lot of space, like a spot of oleomargarine over a slab of dry bread. Hooey is written chiefly by men, or one surmises they are men. It has the same effect upon the mind as gas has upon the stomach. Hooey has been written by P. E. W., Mac Aroni (what a devilishly funny name!) and Freshman 1001.

Twaddle. This is Hooey written by Pembina Freshettes. Just a lot of words about nothing. One feels that there really is a thought behind it all; but what the thought is, heaven and the author only know. Twaddlers go into giddy delight over "Photographs," "Seniors, Clothes, Dances," and "Oh, girls! did you see Victor McLaglen in The Cock-Eyed World? Wasn't he just too perfectly brutal!"

Hokum. It looks good and sounds good. There really are some excellent ideas in it, which are sometimes

comprehensible. The fault of Hokum is chiefly a fault of style—or lack of style. Hokum writers cannot realize that the best way to express a deep thought is to write it in simple English. They seem to be afraid to grapple with the thought, and would rather try to capture it by surrounding it with an impenetrable wall of verbosity. The earlier editorials of this session were Hokum, and several articles written by M.

Tripe. Written Tripe, like edible tripe, has little to recommend it. It is pale, almost tasteless, and somewhat sickening because of its weak facetiousness and asinine puerility. (This last sentence may be Blurb.) There is one example of Tripe in The Gateway that should be suppressed, namely, the "Did You See?" item that appears each week.

This list of definitions fairly exhausts the number of names which may be used in describing Gateway material. There are, however, some very good things in the paper occasionally. "Pig's Eye" is invariably interesting and written in an individual style of near-brilliance. Some of the recent editorials have been good. The "Songs of a Lover" are well above the usual Gateway standard. The non-prose works of Areoperimeter are clever. Mr. Iles, although he is usually weak between puns, turns out some very pretty plays upon words. Sporting Slants are readable; Casserole is fair; and the Correspondence columns will always afford amusement and would make the paper bearable even if all good contributors, with the exception of H.D.S., should stop writing.

Song To Vergil

By R. R.

When Vergil wrote his great Aeneid,
Did he ever pause to wonder
Whether future generations
Over it would have to ponder?

Did he ever make constructions
Spread o'er half a dozen pages
Just to see what fiendish torture
He could hand on through the ages?

Every sentence he could manage
Went into obscure subjunctive,
Verbs so separate from their subject
That the whole thing's most disjunctive.

We enjoy old Grecian legends,
Beautiful, imaginative,
But when conning Latin puzzles
We don't feel appreciative.

MEDIOCRITY

By G. C. H.

The Spring Play is a potent piece of drama. The motive is well portrayed and carried through from start to finish with wonderful driving power. The author, whoever he may be, is from curtain to curtain vitalized by a single idea, and so powerful is that idea that the audience is hypnotized for the time being, into actually accepting the underlying philosophy.

Mediocrity is a fearful word and fraught with ominous meaning. We all fear mediocrity. To be submerged in the ruck permanently is a fate awful to contemplate. Can a soul be damned to greater depths than this? To go through eternity with no hope of a better state, to feed forever a machine, forever to punch the keys of a computer, to check forever the totals of cash items, forever to balance ledgers—the vicious circle, over and over again, a squirrel in a cage, a prisoner on a treadmill.

But are the Zeros and the Dorothies and the Messieurs Ones and Twos and Threes and Fours, and the Mesdames Fours and Fives and Sixes the only type cases of the Slave Libido? Who is free from taint? Is not the prosperous millowner as much condemned to the circular track as the most humble mill hand? Are not all professions and careers equally musty and mouldy and dank?

Forty-Beer Humdrum
Pity the poor engineer, month after month of dull routine, Lats and Daps to compute, the same old tables, the same old checks, the same old probable errors. How can he expect to appreciate the larger vision? The Holy Grail to him is lost in a maze of kinematical graphs.

Or the professional teachers. God help them all. Earnest-minded men, devoting their lives and energies to feeding puerile and unappreciative minds with the so-called gist of experiences of men of bygone ages—Lilliputian pygmies lost in the immensity of stellar space. What could be more degrading than the daily battle over homework between the average high school adolescent and his teacher.

A Rara Avis
Or the so-called philosopher, the prime of his life gradually mouldering away amongst dusty books—(yea, verily, there are many volumes in the Stack filmed with dust of half a dozen years) becoming stoop-shouldered and short-sighted and slightly cracked withal, pondering on the questions of mankind, imponderable questions of mankind, which will not be answered until we cease to measure time by motion.
Or the medical men; poor insignificant creatures with no higher aim in life than to prolong further lives as insignificant as their own.
Or the legal profession; a task no more inspiring than explaining, condoning and excusing the miserable faults of miserable laymen.
Hooey—Bunk—Tripe—Eyewash
And so on, forever and forever

IF A TYPEWRITER COULD TALK

By Simp

If a typewriter could talk, I am afraid that mine would not say anything that was printable at the moment. I take it for granted that it interprets the mood of the writer, and I must admit that mine is not a terribly pleasant one. How could it be? I studied Chem 1 last night, only I forgot to study anything that was on the paper this morning.

But to go back to the subject in hand, if we have one in hand. If a typewriter could talk? No. I'm sorry, your mistake; it isn't an overtown steno, it is merely one of those little second-hand portable things which does its best to annoy all the studious neighbors, if any, during quiet hours. It may have a past, most things have; but I don't know anything about that—that is before it came to rest on my study table, so its conversation will have to be of things it has written from then on.

To begin with, the "gang" loves it, and therefore we have plenty of visitors. It might tell a gruesome tale of "qfa,kviyfobjydbgrfd." You see, we all learned to type on it. And now it writes letters. Such a variety of letters, you know the type—letter to Timothy Eaton asking for a spring catalogue (dear Uncle Timothy, he saves us so much money, all for the benefit of Mr. McCoppen); another to the kid brother about the last basketball game, and what a wonderful game Varsity put up; letters home cheerfully announcing the second year made in chemistry (that was the last time), and just as cheerfully forgetting the third year didn't make in something else, but not forgetting a few veiled remarks on how much it cost you to get your brown dress cleaned and how broke you are as the result; letters to the man you left behind you—sweet nothings of how much you miss him, and how glad you will be to be home again (tell another quick); letters to the girl friend about the wonderful time you had at the last Saturday night hop, the latest in boy friends, the new dress for the Pharmacy party; letters about this and that and so on ad infinitum.

Perhaps it has a serious thought of the lecture notes it has recopied in hopes that they may be more readable and understandable some time about the beginning of next April (isn't that when notes should be available?) Or perhaps someone borrowed it to type their Latin translation or the odd essay. Who can tell?—perhaps a literary light (we question the light on this subject) may have used it to prepare a Gateway feature. Anyway I wish it could have talked and relieved me of this useless mental strain.

THE MULLIGAN STEW

A Column for Culture, Now Introducing a Well-Known European Sign of Culture, the Cummer Bund

By Percival Hodnut

St. Valentine's Day approaches and I have not yet obtained my cummerbund. If you don't know what a cummerbund is, you should see Mr. Keyser, member of the Alberta U. Debating Society. Mr. Keyser has attracted so much notice of late that he is in a fair way to become a bund salesman. (The pun was quite unavoidable.)

Cummerbunds consist, in the main, of a sort of sash which is worn with the wide centre covering the cummer, the tapering ends fastening at the back with suitable fasteners. (The cummer, little neophyte, is that part of the anatomy referred to by vulgarians as "the engine room," "bread basket," etc.) The bund which has aroused my admiration and envy is black in color, an excellent background for a heavy watch chain. There is little doubt that those who have what is often spoken of as "Vahsity spirit" could obtain green and gold cummerbunds, but so much color around the waist might take the more sensitive of us amidsips, as it were, inured as we are by some attempts at colored motion pictures. Another objection to color is the almost certain argument-arousal which would be occasioned. Heaven knows, it is difficult enough to decide what a man has had for breakfast when even the ordinary waistcoat stains are examined.

The cummerbund comes from Holland, where it has a variety of uses. Worn with a white shirt, "Gate-of-Heaven" collar, and a black bow, a fair imitation of a tux is achieved. Holding the ends of the bund and describing a few sweeping motions on the surface of the shoes results in a truly fine "shine." In amateur theatricals, the bund may be useful for male tango dancers, and in its colored form may be used as a runner to decorate tables in stock company plays. These latter uses are really invaluable, since the advantage of requiring no packing of the bunds when the play is over. No actor would object to wearing his bund off-stage.

Boxers would find a sheet-iron-lined bund impregnable in important bouts. The average opponent on striking such a bund with tender knuckles would agree that it was a "knock-out," probably adding other remarks quite irrelevant to this discussion. Anyway, an offer of two or three "grand" for the idea from Sharkey or one of his playmates might receive consideration.

Members of the "glare" sex (as the campus cynic calls it) would find that the cummerbund, properly equipped with inner pockets, makes

no mean repository for handkerchiefs, compacts, chewing gum (solid form), and the like when on the ski slide or the skating rink, or even at a house dance. Professors of either sex could use such a bund for the carrying of lecture notes. (Really, ideas begin to occur with a rapidity as surprising as unprecedented.) The thing can even be used as a radiator cover on the Hispano-Suiza.

As you see, the possibilities for use of the cummerbund are almost inexhaustible, quite aside from the sartorial magnificence the wearer achieves. The more I consider its virtues the more determined I am to buy a bund (a government one, interest at 4 per cent.).

It seems necessary that I end my dissertation with an apology for the puns contained herein. I solemnly assure you that I had no initial intention of incorporating what is fast becoming, in fact already is, a stale form of wit in these halls, but in spite of good resolutions the puns were bound to come. Adois, señoritas y senors.

THE GATEWAY

By P. E. W.

Tempestuous tyrants tête-à-tête
Hold solemn conclave o'er our fate.
Essayists, poets, rhymers, thinkers,

Governed completely by these tinkers
Avow one day a modest dictum
That you—an unsuspecting victim—
Engulfed in ignorance sublime
Will never reach a loftier clime.
Another week they loudly bray,
"Yea! Ignorance must have its day!"

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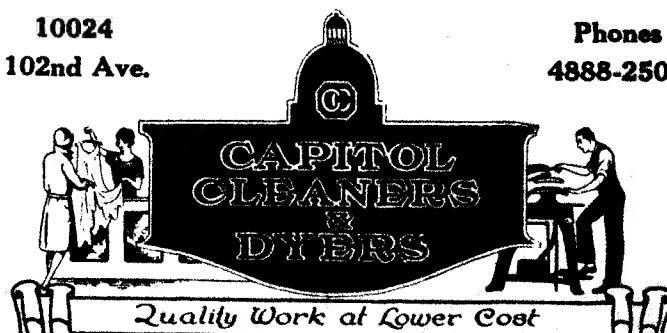
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SPORTS



Saskatchewan Hockey Team Here Sat., Feb. 15th

AGGIES AGAIN WIN IN HOOP LEAGUE

Meds Lose to Aggies—Commerce Defaults Two Games

By beating the Meds. last week the Aggies have placed themselves in a yet stronger position. Their only real opponents now are Sci. II, who are just one game behind. The game between Aggies and Sci. II is billed for next week, and should be worth our while to turn out and support our faculty, because on this match may depend which team is to take the Interfaculty Cup. Sci. II put one over their superiors, Sci. I, and Arts take the game from Commerce by default.

How They Stand	P.	W.	L.	D.
Aggs.	6	5	1	0
Sci. II	5	4	1	0
Meds.	7	3	3	1
Arts	5	2	2	1
Com.	4	1	3	0
Sci. I	5	0	5	0

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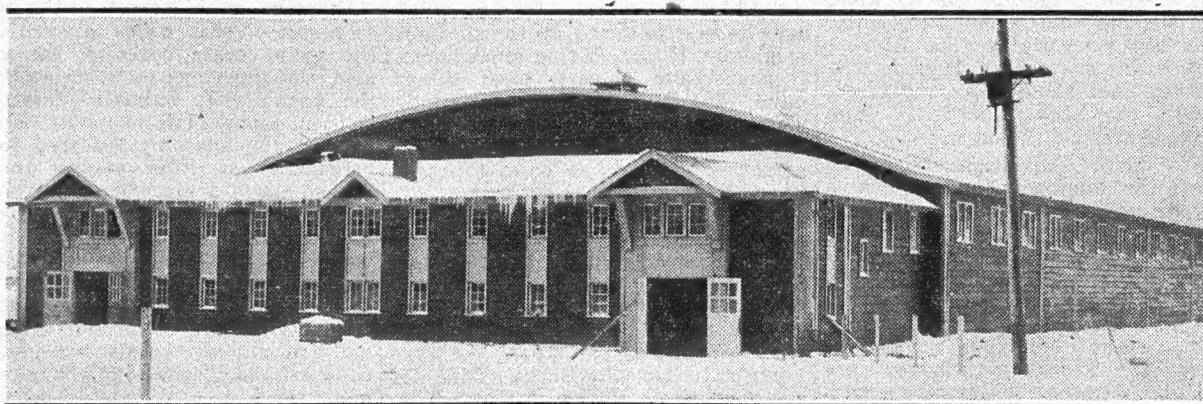
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In which will be played the important Intercollegiate game with Saskatchewan next Saturday at 3:00 p.m. An extensive campaign is being engineered to procure as large a number of spectators to witness this game as possible. You are asked by the Council to support your team.

Manitoba Ladies' Hockey Team Defeat Alberta Here, 2-1

Game Was Fast and Exciting All the Way—Both Teams in Great Form—Misses McLatchie, Sproule and Ross Star For Varsity

The Alberta Varsity girls' hockey team lost to the University of Manitoba girls Monday afternoon at the Varsity rink by a close score of 2-1. The two teams were exceedingly well matched, but good luck favored the visitors with the deciding goal. A very good crowd of supporters for both teams cheered the girls on. Although the ice was somewhat sticky to start with, both teams played hard throughout. The strong feature of the game was the excellent combination of the Alberta girls. It was kept in check by the opposing team, so that it did not always serve its purpose. The girls, one and all, played their hardest throughout the game.

Alberta Starts Scoring

In the first period Alberta got away to a good start when a good shot by Helen Higgs on a pass from Ursula McLatchie was checked by the Manitoba goalkeeper. Then, with excellent combination, a pass from Helen Higgs to Gert Connors and thence a good shot by Mary Cogswell scored the first goal for Varsity. Manitoba then worked up, and Bessie Pickersgill evened the score by a clear shot to goal. During the rest of the period the playing, though rather rough, was even. At the time signal the score remained a tie, 1-1.

Both teams came back warmed up for the second period. Two good shots by the Alberta girls were well checked by the visitors. Then Bessie Pickersgill scored another goal for Manitoba by a straight shot from centre ice. Several good rushes by Ursula McLatchie and Kal Ross were checked by the well-timed defense of the opposing team. The hard playing of Dot Sproule for Alberta and Dot Caldwell for Manitoba was especially noted during this period. Despite a very exciting last five minutes the score at the finish of this part of the game was 2-1 for Manitoba.

Last Period Exciting

The last period was exciting throughout with both teams fighting hard. Time and again Varsity passes were stopped by the Manitoba goalkeeper. Good work by Kathleen

SWEATERS FOUND

Two sweaters have been found by the management at the Varsity rink. They may be recovered by their owners by application to the Manager.

Campbell and Ursula McLatchie checked some good combinations of the visiting team. An offside goal for Manitoba was not counted. A pile-up if Alberta girls in the Manitoba goal successfully checked some close shots. The game ended, after some very interesting last moments, with the score still 2-1 for Manitoba.

Alberta Did Well

Ursula McLatchie, Dot Sproule and Kal Ross starred for Varsity. The playing of Bessie Pickersgill for Manitoba was especially outstanding and that of Anne Livingstone. Dot Caldwell was also noted. The good playing of the Alberta girls was partly due to their recent good games in Banff. Tommy Knight, captain of the men's hockey team, proved an able referee.

The lineup was as follows:

Alberta: Forwards, Helen Higgs, Gert Connors, Mary Cogswell, K. Campbell, Laura Gourlay, Dot Sproule; defence, Ursula McLatchie, Kal Ross; goal, Betty Wallace.

Manitoba: Forwards: Bessie Pickersgill (centre), Dot Caldwell, Peggy MacDonald; defence, Lila Ungauf, Anne Livingstone; goal, Mildred Foulis; subs, Irene Scarth, Peggy Ould, Olive Campbell.

SPORTING SLANTS

Our senior basketball boys increased their winning streak to five straight games in the last week. They will be making history pretty soon. That provincial championship seems to be coming closer and closer.

The intermediates are not so bad either. They have managed to snare three wins in three starts, and everything seems to indicate that we are going to have three city championship basketball teams this year. This seems to be a basketball year around here.

Our men's senior hockey team finished up a more or less disastrous season last Thursday by dropping a game to the Imperials. However, our boys tried their best every time out, which is more than can be said for either of the teams that played Saturday night. Incidentally, the Elks even went so far as to default their last game to Varsity so that we did not finish up in the cellar this year.

The girls have returned from Banff with a well-earned victory to their credit. However, they lost in the finals to the Monarchs. They put up a game fight nevertheless, and went down fighting in a very close game. The girls claim they just couldn't lose the first game because if they had they would have been forced to come home with only one day in Banff.

The Saskatchewan hockey team is coming up on Saturday to play the boys. From all reports there should be a real old battle in the rink.

This game came nearly being called off on account of our team not having the money to travel. This would have been very regrettable, since our boys were under a moral obligation to travel to Manitoba after having them up here. Again Dr. Hardy came to the rescue and saved the situation.

The Council cannot be blamed for the action they took on the matter. They didn't have the money, and could do nothing else. However, intercollegiate games should get the first call on any funds available for travelling.

We almost forgot the girls' game against Manitoba. The score was close, and a very exciting game was witnessed by the fans. A 2-1 score is no disgrace to any team.

BOXING-WRESTLING CLUB MEET FEB. 26

Training Headquarters St. Joe's Gymnasium—All Participants Shaping Up Well

The St. Joseph's gym sounds like a real training camp these days. Punching bags are rattling feverishly; eyes that go in in perfect condition are coming out black and swollen. What's the explanation? The Boxing and Wrestling Club is completing arrangements for their big meet at the end of this month. To finish up a very successful season in the right way, they're giving a public demonstration of their prowess in the upper gym on February 26th at 8 o'clock. There hasn't been a meet of this kind for three years, so it should be new to all of us. If the lady friend likes brutal he-men, take her to the meet, for she will be able to see plenty of them there.

The program will consist of eight boxing matches punctuated with three wrestling bouts. The boys tip the scales at various places between 140 and 175 lbs., so they ought to show us plenty of action.

The boxing bouts will be picked from the following men:

Lightweight: Beggs, Blodgett, Dey, Pratt, Ruskin.

Welterweight: E. Driscoll, Huse, Morton, Parlee.

Middleweight: Brooks, Burke, Miller, Tyrell, D. Driscoll.

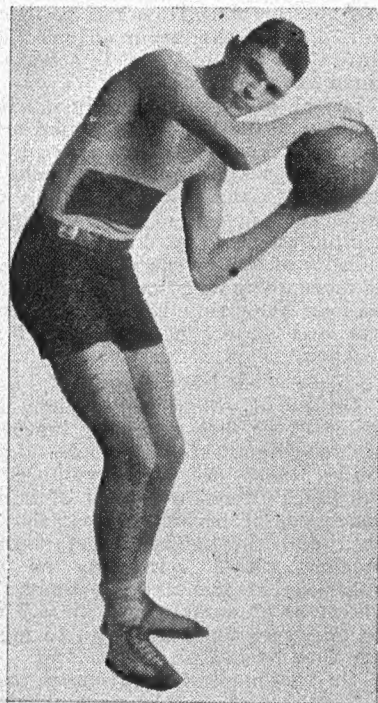
Light heavyweight: Carlson, Ga'e. The list of wrestlers is not yet available.

The winner in each class will be presented with an association shield. This will make the matches especially peppy.

KING JOHN WALKER AND COHORTS LOOSE

King Johnny Walker and his three cohorts Al-Co-Hal, of the Varsity spirits, will make their appearance around the halls on Friday morning. King Johnny Walker carries a five dollar prize donated by Mr. Jack Marshall of the Sun Life Assurance Co. Each of the three lesser spirits, Al, Co, and Hal, carry free tickets to the hockey game on Saturday afternoon. The first person wearing a noon, when Varsity plays Saskatchewan rooster ribbon who addresses these spirits by their correct name will receive the prizes. There is also a five dollar prize to the person holding the lucky ticket at the game. Everyone is requested to sign his or her ticket.

STAR HOOP MAN



MERTON KEEL

One of the outstanding players on the senior men's basketball team. The senior team has won every game played so far, and looks good for going through the whole season without a loss.

Men's Senior Basketball Team Defeat "Y" Friday and Monday

Seniors Have Won Five Straight Games—Intermediates Win From Y.M.C.A. Whites 50-22—Basketball Having Excellent Year

Varsity's two basketball teams have been making the most of their opportunities during the past week. The seniors are leading their league with five straight wins and no losses, and the intermediates are in a similar position in their circuit, with four wins in as many starts.

Senior Game Friday, Feb. 7th

Varsity's five-man defense proved much too good for the Y.M.C.A. on their own floor last Friday night in a game that was featured by close checking and many fouls. Keel turned in his best game so far with Varsity, scoring no less than seventeen of his team's thirty-one points. Shandro donated nine more, the rest being divided between Pullishy, Carscallen and Craig. For the Y, Greenlees and Plowman got four apiece and Mantell two to end their total at ten.

Macbeth, Carscallen, Fenerty and Killick alternated at defense, and it didn't seem to make much difference who was on—that defense stood up like a stone wall. The whole team worked as a unit and showed the benefits of lots of coaching, turning in the nicest combination work of the year. Only twice during the whole game did the Y boys manage to get more than one shot at the Varsity basket—the way that defense picked off rebounds was nobody's business. Altogether the boys turned in the best game this year.

Double-Header Monday

Monday night the Varsity teams took another double-header on their own floor, the intermediates trimming the Y Whites 50-22, after which the seniors trimmed the Y seniors 38-21. The intermediate game furnished better basketball than the last encounter on the Varsity floor. Millar and Balfour were outstanding because of their seventeen and sixteen points respectively. Dud Menzies played his usual dependable game on defense and came mighty close to making his annual basket on more than one occasion.

Issue Never in Doubt

The senior game was fast and close for most of the first half, but the issue was never in doubt after that. Keel, Shandro and Craig made eight points apiece, with Pullishy one point behind them. Greenlees of the Y was high man for evening, collecting ten of his team's twenty-one points. Varsity's combination was not so

much in evidence as it was the game previous, but there were lots of nice plays engineered nevertheless.

Keel, Pullishy and Shandro got together at the start of the second half to give Varsity a comfortable margin before Craig and Saddington relieved the forwards. The two relief men were not content to let it rest there, but rolled in a dozen points between them to help the boys along. Fenerty played a hard checking game, and collected rebounds almost flawlessly. Macbeth and Carscallen also turned in good games, checking close and hard. Those boys are getting better and better—holding the Y to thirty-one points in two games is no mean feat.

Bill Douglas and Bob Brynildson handled the games in efficient manner.

The lineup for Friday's game was as follows:

"Y": Greenlees (4), Richards, McEwen, Plowman (4), Martell (2), Turnbull, Gowda.

Varsity: Keel (17), Shandro (9), Pullishy (2), MacBeth, Fenerty, Carscallen (2), Craig (1), Saddington.

The teams lined up as follows on Monday:

"Y": Greenlees (10), Richards (7), Plowman (4), McEwen, Turnbull, Martell, Gowda.

Varsity: Craig (8), Pullishy (7), Saddington (4), Keel (8), MacBeth (1), Killick, Fenerty (1), Carscallen.

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THE GATEWAY OFFICE

By P. E. W.

The door marked "Gateway Office" had long intrigued me—had indeed aroused a faint glimmering of that true, womanly quality, inadequately described as "curiosity." Imagine one "sister Anne" confronted by six sinister portals locked by six ingenious Bluebeards, and you have a rough estimate of the demon which dogged my footsteps and repeatedly led me past the demesne of The Gateway.

I had never seen anyone enter that office or return from it. For a time I thought it must be the forbidding aspect of the door. However, I knew that people infested the sanctum—overran it in fact; frequently they seemed to ooze out of the windows. I watched hopefully for a day, fully expecting to find that both ingress and egress were accomplished by the rope-ladder system. However, I could find no evidence to support my theory, and I was forced at length to discard it.

Another Brain Wave That Failed

The situation was becoming desperate, but one morning I brightened visibly. The sun was shining, birds were singing, an occasional student—not weighed down by the cares of twittering—was hastening to pick up the "pearls of wisdom" scattered so rashly by the odd professor. An impressive figure ("The Editor!" I gasped in a hollow, sepulchral tone of awe)—an impressive figure, surrounded by some half-dozen diminutive satellites, was gazing raptly through the glass-filled aperture. (A becoming diffidence prevents me from saying, "The Editor looked out of the window.") I divined their task immediately. It was the "weather forecast" committee hard at work. One of the amanuenses held a handkerchief in his hand. I sympathized with him in an absent-minded manner, watching for him to wipe away the signs of honest toil from his brow.

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ALBERTA

But he performed mysterious gymnastic feats with it (the hankie—not the brow), and I discovered that he was waving it—at the girl behind me. I was, however, still humbly proud of my estimate concerning the committee, even though the next issue did not convey the portentous news that the Editor had seen the first robin of 1930. But I still had not seen the interior of The Gateway office.

A Daring Attempt

Nevertheless a university student is well-fitted to cope with a trying situation—for is there any race inhabiting this weary earth more subject to the rapid changes wrought by the blind nymph Fortune? Despair lent me new courage. And one day, with loudly palpitating heart, and ably supported by a fellow-student, I effected a half-entrance into the room. The sight of a pair of formidable-looking shoulders, the sound of a rapidly scratching pen ceased us to retreat precipitately.

The idea of entering the sacred precincts of The Gateway office became an obsession. After much wearying thought, inspiration came to me in a happy moment. I would become a "proof-reader"! At last the "Open Sesame" was on my lips—the key was in my hand! I entered the door.

Once Inside

I like The Gateway office. I feel that I'm acquainted with it now. Initiation into its mysteries is simple—extremely simple. You merely sit on the window-sill and look idly to the great out-of-doors. That—I am sorry to disillusion you—is The Gateway idea of "a daily dozen," "apple-a-day," etc.

Now you are free to investigate further. Look at all the imposing photographs of Gateway staffs—only those since the Flood are extant. (Hint—find out which is this year's before you express any audible appreciations—this year's is the best.) Then admire the dictionary. Its dilapidated condition marks it as possessing great antiquity. Well—perhaps not. But anyway, you can see that The Gateway has a dictionary—and uses it. (The former is the main idea, of course. I know people who have no dictionary—and still they use one.)

The Pencil Sharpener

But the best, I have saved till the last—the pencil sharpener. It's the kind you see advertised as "Chicago Giant." When you send for one you expect something the size of a spinning-wheel. But—when you get it! However, The Gateway tried to give their pencil sharpener a square deal by putting it in a prominent place. The drawback is that it's more or less inaccessible. Placed fairly high upon the wall, it may be reached with difficulty from either side of a huge desk. This is the procedure. Insert the pencil carefully in the instrument. Circumnavigate the room until you can turn the handle without dislocating any joints. Turn it! With a mild, surprised side the portion of the sharpener meant to contain the shavings drops off, wildly scattering its contents. Clear away

the debris, re-instate the fallen part, and call for help. One person to hold the pencil, one to hold the sharpener, another to turn the handle, and one to watch will be sufficient—if you all hold your breaths. If the phone rings, answer it—and then start all over again.

The Staff

Just a word about the staff. They haunt the office in ones, twos and threes—never less, often more. They're efficient! I watched three of them perform a successful operation on a bankrupt, delinquent ever-sharp. The looks of absorption, the evident yet effortless concentration of those master minds on the intricate task fascinated me—inspired me. Here is the result!

From "Glesca"

By "Specs"

Dear reader,—I am sure you object to being called "dear reader" by any other writer. I know I do. Therefore, and because of that, I repeat myself—Dear reader, have you ever come across some word, or a sentence, which interested you because you were certain the explanation of it could be found in no dictionary? I have, so I am going to pass them on to you, in case you might desire to horrify your family by exclaiming, "Oh, ye're just a blatherskite," or some such endearing term.

A Tattytogle

One day, when I was out with a friend, she pointed to a field and said, "Look! there's a tattytogle." A tattytogle! I looked around in dismay and terror. What on earth was I about to see. I looked. I looked again. But still I saw nothing but a field of potatoes, and a scarecrow. "Where is it?" I gasped.

"There!" repeated my friend, pointing her finger. Now I could no longer mistake the object which she was indicating. The fearful "tattytogle" was no other than my old friend, the scarecrow.

Another day, a small boy disturbed me greatly by saying to his friend in what I deemed a ferocious manner, "I'm going to have a guy in that shop window." Going to "have a guy"?—I looked around me at the various confections displayed in the window in question, but I could see no "Guy," such as people use on Guy Fawkes' day. Nor could I see anyone who resembled what the slang tense of Guy means. I watched the little fellow curiously, but all he did was peer enviously at a huge box of candies, sigh and pass on. He had merely meant that he was going to inspect the goods on display.

More Mysteries

The next mysterious sentence met me while I was out walking with my friend (yes, it was the same one) and her dog. Two little girls literally threw themselves at us, in a state of highest excitement, and blurted out: "There's a big rid dug ower yonner going to chaw your dog." I looked at them dazedly. How could two innocent young children say such a thing. My friend repeated their alarming statement more slowly:

"There is a big rid dug ower yonner going to chew up your dog." Then I understood that our dog was about to meet its Nemesis in the shape of a red dog on the other side of the road.

But alas! no longer am I in Glasgow. No longer do I hear people say lightly, "Ye're glaikit" (if that is how they spell it), or "jalouse", that "the kirk's out." No more does the

A Plea For The Ignorant

By The Skipper

We're an ignorant lot. E.P.Y. has told us so. We have admitted it. The question remains, what of it?

The real question seems to be, why do we come to University at all? The Engineer comes so that he may gaze through a transit with greater accuracy than some less fortunate brother; the Med. comes so that he may dissect and reconstruct fellow-humans with a reasonable degree of proficiency. Let us invade the camp of these benighted folk, crying: "Your social theories are antediluvian; you think that Mussolini is a new type of washing-machine; your ignorance of current art and literature is simply appalling. Follow us to the fountain-heads of Ibsen, Shaw and Stalin." We may expect to be answered somewhat as follows: "We are quite satisfied as we are. We didn't come here to acquire culture. Result—we have not acquired it. What of it?"

Ah, you cry, we will take refuge within the walls of the Arts Building. For, after all, Arts is the only faculty which rightly has a place in a university. There, at least, we shall find men to whom the arts, the graces and the muses are kindred spirits, whose breasts are literally heaving with the subdued fires of super-modernism. So we begin to instruct the first intelligent-looking person we meet in the elements of socialism. A few moments of bliss, then a smothered imprecation: "Sa-a-ay; snap out of it. I'm taking honors Math." To specialize or not to specialize, that seems to be the question.

So we decide to restrict ourselves still further to the general Arts students, those blithe spirits who have rubbed shoulders with French, Philosophy, History and Mathematics—and have survived. If asked why they take such a small interest in current trends of thought, they might quite properly squelch us as follows: "We don't bother with the present because we are too busy catching up with the past, which after all is quite a legitimate occupation. For we believe that the present can only be appreciated against the background of the past. So give us a few years, at least, to discover what human beings have thought and done since the Stone Age. Then after graduation, when note-books are buried deep in dust, when professors are mere memory-spectres—time enough then to develop a 'Russian soul' and to laud cubist art."

And who is this Mussolini fellow anyway? Are his ideas so startlingly original? Are they not rather a composite picture of past dictatorial methods and principles? May we not obtain an excellent idea of the present situation by studying Ancient History 51? At this point we turn away our haggard faces and flee the spot.

The fault lies not altogether in ourselves, but partly in our stars, that we are ignorant. We don't think. Granted; but does anyone wish us

postman bring the post; I receive nothing now but mail. And, greatest change of all, no longer do I meet people who walk a block to save a "happy" tram fare. Nay, I now dwell among those who take a taxi down town to get to the show before two o'clock and thus save 25 cents on their tickets. Hoots, mon, it's nae use ava'.

BRICKS

By Vacuum

Not so very long ago a friend of ours suggested that bricks, if properly treated, would form excellent material for a feature story. We have no reason to suppose he had the slightest notion of casting any at The Gateway; the idea seems to have been a pure inspiration.

Now the source of this inspiration is not far to seek. Anyone who has gazed affectionately at the Arts Building for a time, who has then fixed his eyes upon the Med. Building following which he has walked past Assiniboia, then Athabasca and finally Pembina Halls and at length has rested his agonized gaze on the (formerly) University Hospital (to say nothing of St. Stephen's and St. Joseph's Colleges), will know what I mean. (Yes, Percival, you were right the first time; they are all different.) We don't mean the style of architecture, because that difference is so conspicuous that any casual observer should be able to notice it, even after the Engineers' banquet. What we are referring to is the somewhat, we might even say extremely noticeable difference in the type and color of bricks used in the construction of these buildings.

Upon mature reflection we have decided that what at first appears to be a serious oversight on the part of the authorities, is in reality the result of very wise and careful judgment. Quite aside from lending a pleasing variety to the appearance of the campus, this original type of color scheme is a very real benefit, inasmuch as it enables one to distinguish one building from another almost at once, unless of course you happen to be color-blind.

We feel that the authorities so far have been too timid in this matter, and we would like to make a few helpful suggestions for a further development of the color scheme to be applied to any new buildings erected on the campus.

Library—white brick with green insets.

Gymnasium—light purple brick with yellow bands.

This might be extended indefinitely, but this will suffice to give a general idea of the plan, and will serve to show how this scheme might be made to blend harmoniously with

the existing buildings. It needs only a good imagination and a strong constitution to foresee the pleasing, colorful appearance which the campus might assume in the space of a few years were this plan conscientiously carried out.

There is no question that the finest building on the grounds today is the hospital. Not content with using the plain, monotonous scheme in general use, i.e., having a building all one color, the builders have showed both courage and originality in using bricks which not even an amateur in the study of brick-making could recognize as similar.

Just at this point an idea has struck us (what, at last?), that a certain scheme should be used in the building of future residences. Students from south-eastern Alberta might be housed in the residences of Medicine Hat brick; those from the northern portion in halls built of Edmonton brick, and so forth. In this manner they might be made to feel that even though they are far away from home, they are still supporting home industry. The additional fact that the bricks would probably differ in color, and perhaps also in size and shape would give each hall a pleasing effect of originality.

The course which the authorities responsible for the erection of buildings should pursue, is evident. Some expert in the planning and execution of color schemes should be hired to direct the carrying out of the plan we have suggested. In this way the creation of a striking and original group of buildings upon our campus, which has already been so ably begun, might be carried successfully to completion.

Col. Edwin A. Parrott, of Princeton, N.J., the oldest living graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, and who heard Lincoln give his Gettysburg address, recently passed his 99th birthday. He sat on the platform when Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, having been a colonel of the First Ohio Infantry and a friend of both Lincoln and General Grant.

In Rome, Italy, a school has been founded to teach boys how to be chefs.

to think, or at least to thing along original lines? Is it not much more desirable that we should skip only nine lectures in a course and that we should make a first-class on the final? Both of these desirable results may be obtained without developing a cerebral fever through sustained mental effort.

True, we waste time; but it is not all wasted in the Tuck Shop or over the bridge-table. A large percentage of it is wasted in the lecture-rooms. Some lectures become bore-some, even in the best-regulated uni-

Think On These Things . . .

By Peter Keyser

The Roman sage, Marcus Aurelius, declared, "Our life is what our thoughts make it." And a present-day writer has observed: "You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. . . . In your hands will be placed the results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn, no more, no less."

To this, modern science has given its confirmation. As it explores the workings of the mind it finds more and more evident the influences of the individual's thoughts upon his life and the state of his well-being. The skilled physician now knows that certain of his patients are pathological cases, victims of sick minds and noxious thoughts.

This is the house that each must put in order if he would enrich his days on earth. The pronouncement of the Proverbs, "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he," runs for good as well as ill. A life that is kindly, courageous and wholesome is inevitably made so by like habits of thinking. For thought, as Emerson said, is "the seed of action."

So it was with an understanding that spanned the centuries that St. Paul gave this counsel in Philippians 4:8:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."
"Quaecumque Vera."

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versities, of which our own is, of course, one. When a student arrives at the stage where he feels that he might accomplish much more by an hour in the library than by an hour in class, compulsory attendance becomes both annoying and wasteful.

And then, our whole university life is terribly over-organized—clubs, societies, executives, fraternities—small wonder that we have no time to think! We are cumbered with deadwood, with a heavy load of almost defunct campus organizations which might very profitably be scrapped altogether. Such a proceeding would afford me almost as much delight as the scrapping of British battleships. Of course I dare mention no names, else petitions from indignant students will speedily accumulate in The Gateway mail-box. Another jolly way of wasting time!

And so I flaunt our ignorance in the face of bewildered professors, a despairing heaven, and my good friend E.P.Y.

GATEWAY TUMBLES FOR SENIOR GIRLS

Ink-Slingers Blotted Out in Thrilling Encounter With Co-ed Senior Hoop Artists

The basketball game between The Gateway staff and the senior girls on Tuesday night was one of the best ever seen in the gym—certainly it was the most enjoyable. The spectator had doubts as to whether any-

one on the team of boys had ever played basketball before, but they have since indignantly informed the world that most of them are old hands at it. It is doubtful whether they should be commiserated or congratulated. They began by going into a huddle with the girls' coach, who was referee, to learn the rules of the game. The man who scored half The Gateway points was Cecil Hewson; and in the last ten minutes of the game the referee, Bill Shandro, was recruited, after having established his identity as a reporter, to The Gateway ranks, and scored a basket. Ivan MacLaren also got a basket on a free throw.

High Lights

Ken Conibear, having the ball on one occasion and being hard-pressed by the girls, threw it to the nearest man he saw, who happened to be the referee; this is a new departure in basketball, but it will no doubt become a popular play. To be noted with great interest was Wilbur Bowker's noble run from one end of the floor to the other; he made a head-on collision with a wall. Cecil Hewson also tried to neck with Gladys Fry—that isn't done in the best basketball circles, either, though apparently Cecil's usual activities were getting the better of him.

The girls, of course, were up to their usual form, and played a good game, Doris Calhoun making most of the baskets. The Gateway says that it wasn't playing its best, as it wished to let the girls win by a large majority for publicity purposes—when they go east, they may say that they won from one of the strong men's teams on the campus.

The lineups was as follows: Girls: Gladys Fry, Ethel Barnett, Helen Mahaffy, Vada McMahon, Barbara Linke, Ruth Fry, Doris Calhoun and Cal Holmgren.

Gateway: Cecil Hewson, Noel Iles, Wilbur Bowker, Ivan MacLaren, Ken Conibear, Karl Tobasson, Art Wilson, Larry Alexander (captain), and, for the last ten minutes, Bill Shandro. The score—oh, tell it not in Geth!

—was 82-6. Now, folks, don't forget to get out and support The Gateway, which seems to be in need of props, when it plays the girls' hockey team, some time in the future.

THREE TEAMS CLOSE AT INTERFAC. TOP

Interfac. Hockey League Closely Contested as End of Season Approaches

At least three teams are providing a merry battle in the interfaculty league. The Arts-Pharm and Engineers have 14 points each to their credit and have played 11 games each. The Med-Dents, while boasting one point less, have played only 10 games. Should they cop off a victory they will be one point over their play-fellows.

Games played last week: Med-Dents 4, Engineers 3. The Med-Dents just nosed out their big rivals to add two needed points to their quota.

Engineers 4, Ag-Com-Law 0. Again the Ag-Com-Law boys took it on the nose. But it's no disgrace to be defeated by the aggregation trotted out by the Engineers.

Arts-Pharm 1, Med-Dents 1. The Arts-Pharm apparently believe in splitting their points—they're not greedy anyway. They did so twice this week.

Engineers 3, Arts 3. This game, played Tuesday, would, we hoped, break the tie. However, it merely split a three-cornered lead to a double-header.

League Standing				
	P.	W.	L.	D.
Engineers	11	6	3	2
Arts-Pharm	11	5	2	4
Med-Dents	10	6	3	1
Ag-Com-Law	10	0	9	1

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Imperials Defeat Varsity In Their Last Game of Season

Final Score 11-2 Indicative of Merits of Teams—Game Good Only in Spots

Last Thursday the Imperials once more gave Varsity a one-sided defeat, running in eleven goals before the sixty minutes of play was over.

There were no breaks for either side; the game was just one team outplaying another from every angle, so that in spite of the 11-2 score it was not such a bad game to watch. Clark, in goal for Varsity, was good, and it was certainly not his fault that eleven shots got by him. Only on a couple of shots did he have any chance to save.

Imperials Start Scoring

Case opened the scoring on a pass from Moher at the half-way mark of

MATHEMATICS CLUB

At the meeting of the Math Club on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. J. S. Beggs presented a paper on "Analysis of Mechanisms." Mr. Beggs handled the subject in an excellent manner, giving interesting illustrations throughout. He showed the important part that mathematics played in the entire field of machines. In each of his illustrations Mr. Beggs gave the mathematical equation and explained how the efficiency of the machine could be increased by the study of the graph. Pressures, velocities and acceleration are easily shown when graphically represented. The speaker explained with diagrams the mechanisms involved in timing, in the linotype printing method, telegraphic work, cams, followers, Whitworth's quick return and other complicated machines. Invariably the equation of these machines are trigonometric.

At the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Beggs received many commendable comments on his presentation.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The editors of the Literary Supplement wish to remind all possible contributors that they are still in serious need of appropriate material, and that they would appreciate getting any as soon as possible. The contributions, as has been said before, may be poems, skits, short stories, plays, essays, humor, study, tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, satire—in fact any contribution will be welcomed.

JOTTINGS

Dr. J. W. Dafos, internationally-known managing editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, will be a visitor in Edmonton next Thursday, Feb. 20. While here, Dr. Dafos will address the U. of A. students in Convocation Hall. This address, "The Problems of World Peace," will be given at 11:30, and a similar address will be delivered by the noted Canadian at the fourth annual buffalo banquet being held by the Native Sons of Canada and the Canadian Daughters' leagues at their fourth annual buffalo banquet to be held at the MacDonald Hotel. The attendance at the banquet is expected to be in the neighborhood of 800.

The next meeting of the Chess Club will be held at 4:30 on Friday, February 14, in Room 236, Arts Building. All interested are requested to attend.

Dr. Arni Palsson, librarian of the National Library of Iceland and editor of the library's publication "The Skirar," will deliver an illustrated address in Room 142, Medical building, at 8:30, February 21. This lecture, "Iceland, Old and New," will be given under the auspices of the National Council of Education. Admission will be twenty-five cents.

The Midwinter Dance will be held in Athabasca Hall on the evening of February, the 28th, commencing at 9 p.m. This is one of the open dances of the year. Tickets will be on sale as follows: Monday, February 17th, 9-12:30, seniors and graduates; Tuesday, February 18th, 9-10:30, juniors; 10:30-11:30, sophomores; 11:30-12:30, freshmen.

Paid-up members of the graduating class will receive tickets for \$2. For all others tickets will be priced at \$2.50.

A house dance will be held at the usual hour in the upper gymnasium Saturday night.

Much interest is being taken by students in the forthcoming skating frolic to be staged by the Glenora Skating Club, March 7th and 8th, at the University Covered Rink. A full two hours' program of the best fancy skating in Alberta is assured to all who attend.

Plans for the frolic were discussed at an enthusiastic gathering of members of the popular club this week. Mr. W. J. Bick, president, gave a brief outline of the financial standing of the club. Keen discussion regarding proposed plans for the annual winter carnival featured the meeting. The University rink was chosen for the affair this year. Strong committees have been appointed for ticket sales, finance, and publicity. Tickets will be on sale at the University Tuck Shop and at the University Book Store, Friday, Feb. 14. Further details will be published in The Gateway during the next three weeks.

the first period. The next goal came a couple of minutes later when Power picked up Dame's rebound after Dame had shot on a pass from Carver.

The game speeded up the last half of the period. With two minutes to go Hall trickled through the entire Imperial team to chalk up Varsity's first goal. The Imperials came back half a minute later with another goal, Power from Dame being responsible.

Slow in Second

The game dropped to a slower pace in the second period. Varsity came close to scoring a couple of times, Castagner making a nice save from Broadfoot to beat Varsity out of one goal. Dame and Case teamed up for another Imperial tally, Case scoring. Play see-sawed for ten minutes, till Power split the defence and scored unassisted.

Third Period

The third period saw the Imperial count go from six to eleven, while Varsity only managed to squeeze one goal out of the period. Power started the scoring on a pass from Carver. A couple of minutes later Dame scored a single-handed. He followed it up with another three minutes later on a pass from Case. At the half-way mark Case garnered one all by himself. The next Imperial goal came after a nice three-man rush by Power, Carver and Colingwood, the last scoring and Carver getting credit for the assist. A minute later Moher scored on Groves' assist. Varsity's second and last goal came close after this, Broadfoot to Mead.

The lineups: Varsity: Clark, goal; Hall, Montgomery, defence; Mead, Broadfoot, Knight, Chant, Pinkney, MacDonald, forwards.

Imperials: Castagner, goal; Power, Dame, defence; Moher, Jenkins, Carver, Colingwood, Case, Groves, forwards.

The Wearing O' The Pink An Explanation

The following is intended to explain—not to apologize for—a recently observed campus phenomenon, namely, the wearing of a pink tag on the left coat lapel.

In so far as we, the originators of this fashion, are both members of The Gateway staff it has been thought by some that the movement which they suppose our insignia to represent is in some way connected with the organization of The Gateway. Emphatically it is not; it is purely an individual matter, a personal reaction. It is because of our desire, as Gateway officials, to make it clear that our action has no connection with our position as such, that we are using this space for what is otherwise a personal matter, the explanation of which in our unofficial characters we would have left for the correspondence column of next week.

Indeed our badge is not intended to represent any organization or association whatever, either already established or formed extemporarily to meet the present occasion. We have chosen hitherto to write on our badges the term "Varsity Rooster"; by such obvious means we have been saved the trouble of answering many questions; with the appearance of this explanation the significance of the "wearing o' the pink" will, we trust, be understood, and we shall consequently dispense with the appellation. We regret that our badge is unnecessarily conspicuous; it was the best we could procure at the short notice on which we acted—a chewing gum wrapper and the coloured supplement of a newspaper. We are not attempting, and we have made no attempts, to persuade others to do as we have seen fit to do.

Our purposes in wearing our badge are three. One is to protest in a peaceful but persistent manner against what we consider to be an extremely disgraceful and degrading attempt at public exploitation by coercive means. A second purpose is to protect our busy selves from the importunate zeal of ticket-sellers. A third is to provide encouragement to others who without the evidence of our moral support might be shamed against their will into buying tickets.

Why we are accused of sedition and a thousand other heinous sins we have no idea. Both of the only two legitimate reasons yet offered why anyone should wear the official green tags may as aptly be applied to the wearing of those of our choosing. They show ticket sellers that it is useless to apply to us, and at the same time provide the maximum of publicity to be procured by such means.

Such are our motives and such is our justification for the wearing of the pink. We believe and hope that most of those who have taken their cue from us have been actuated by the same influences with the same purpose. From a consideration of these motives and this justification, together with our reassertion of the fact, we trust it will become evident to the reader that our action in the wearing o' the pink is in no way connected with our office in the publication of The Gateway.

(Signed)

KENNETH W. CONIBEAR.
G. N. ILES.

Dr. H. P. Cady, of the University of Kansas, after a long research with the collaboration of David McFarland, has evolved a method of extracting quantities of helium gas from natural gas.

INTER-YEAR SWIM MEET GREAT SUCCESS

Sophs Head Men's Division—Senior Ladies Win Honors

On Tuesday, Feb. 11th, the Varsity Swimming Club held their annual inter-year contest. The contest was a great success in every way. There was a very good attendance both of men and ladies. All the events were remarkably well contested; in many of the events there was only a difference of a fraction of a second between the first and third places, and the men's 50-yard provided an unprecedented instance, where Baker, Duggan and McConkey tied for first place, their time being twenty-nine and two-fifths seconds. The senior ladies were admirably represented in Margaret Crang and Kay McConkey, who took first place in every contest; these two, with Margery Allen, who was the sole Sophomore representative, and who took second place in individual scores, were the big three in the ladies' events. Aubrey McCowan and Ruth Robertson showed great ability, securing a place in all the events for which they entered. Edith Bell and Nellie Holmgren, the Fresh representatives, gave a very good exhibition, lacking only the experience of their seniors.

Baker, Kinnear, Healey and Duggan were the star performers for the men, all of which have extraordinary skill and experience. Mackie, Story, McConkey, Stoddard, Rieger and Shearer made valuable points for their respective classes.

The diving contests were of special interest, in the variety and execution. It was the best exhibition Varsity has made this year. There was very little difference in the number of points scored by each either in the ladies' or men's events.

Ladies' 20 yards: M. Crang, M. Allen, R. Robertson.

Ladies' 40 yards: M. Crang, M. Allen.

Ladies' 20 yards breast: K. McConkey, A. McCowan, N. Holmgren.

Ladies' 100 yards: K. McConkey, M. Allen, N. Holmgren.

Ladies' diving: M. Crang, A. McCowan, N. Holmgren, R. Robertson.

Ladies' plunge: K. McConkey, M. Allen, M. Crang.

Ladies' back stroke: K. McConkey, M. Allen, A. McCowan.

Men's 50 yards—Duggan, McConkey, Baker.

Men's 40 yards breast—Story, Healey, Rieger.

Men's plunging: Stoddard, Argue, Mackie.

Men's 20 yards—Baker, Duggan, McConkey.

Men's 100 yards—Baker, McConkey, Kinnear.

Men's diving: Healey, Shearer, Kinnear.

Men's 200 yards: Baker, Duggan, Mackie.

Men's back stroke: Kinnear, Stoddard, Healey.

The score of the various teams was as follows:

The Senior ladies came first with 36 points; Sophomores, 15 points; Juniors, 9 points; Fresh, 3 points. The Sophomore men came first with 26 points; Juniors, 19 points; Seniors, 19 points; Fresh, 9 points.

At the present time there are 20,060 high schools in the United States.

MONARCHS CAPTURE HOCKEY HONORS

Varsity Loses in Finals in Alpine Cup Competition at Banff, 1-0

The Edmonton Monarchs defeated the University of Alberta ladies' hockey team by a score of 1-0 to win the Alpine Club silver cup at the Banff Winter Carnival.

As the score indicates, it was anybody's game right up until the final bell.

The game was not as fast as Wednesday's, when the Varsity defeated Cranbrook Pontiacs. There was a very strong wind blowing from the west which at times carried the puck or swerved it from its course.

PILLS AND PAINS

The Med-Dent hockey machine stand a real chance of coming out head of the Interfaculty hockey league. A win this week-end and they will occupy the top position. Let's give them a little more encouragement, and they will come through with this win.

The Sixth Annual Medical Banquet is in March. Draw a big circle around the 4th, boys, and get your tickets now.

Our Mentor says regarding carbon monoxide: "If the patient moves he will fall down dead in a faint."

Metabolism is a science surely is advancing. The latest: Peanuts are fattening; just take a look at the nearest elephant.

A few of the fellows seem to be learning more or less about the following: Hudsons, Electrotons, Blondes, the nicer things of life; John Catto and a whole flock of dimples.

We had a blind date the other evening—her name, well, Louise—never again.

More than one-third of the 2,800 extra helpers used in New York post offices during the Christmas rush this year came from college classrooms.

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